

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL--EXTRA.

STANFORD, KY., OCTOBER 27, 1877.

AT LAST

Grove Kennedy is Taken in out of the Wet.

Marshal Hunter, and Posse of Bardstown, did the Job, and Will Walk off with the \$1,000 Reward.

Kennedy Made no Resistance; but, Seeing that he was Overpowered, Handed over his Arms, and Surrendered.

He now Occupies his Old Quarters in the Lancaster Jail.

BY TELEGRAPH.

News arrived by train this morning that Grove Kennedy had been captured. This naturally created considerable excitement, so we have taken the pains to get the particulars and give them to our readers in this form.

This morning before day, Marshal Hunter and party having previously ascertained that Kennedy was at his father's, repaired to the house. They waited until 6 o'clock, when Grove came out to feed his horse, and then from the weeds and bushes, sprang with drawn arms upon him. Seeing that flight or resistance were alike useless, Grove threw up his hands and surrendered. He was then taken to Lancaster and lodged in Jail, where he is now under heavy guard.

The party that did their work so nobly and well, have been in the

neighborhood over a week, and had thus gotten Grove's movements down to a fine point. All honor to them.

Kennedy has been at large since the 17th of last March, and in that time has gotten up a bigger reputation than any other man in Kentucky.

Nearly every paper in the country has published the daring defiance that he has made to the laws of the land and the sympathy that was felt for him last Spring when he promised through the *Courier Journal* to stand his trial has vanished into thin air.

Our feelings for Kennedy, personally, are a great deal more friendly than otherwise; but we glory in the supremacy of the law and in the suppression of crime and outlawry and hope Grove's capture is but the forerunner of other captures just as important as his.

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LETTER HEADS.

NOTE HEADS.

BILL HEADS.

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T. R. WALTON, Jr.,
Manager.

was greatly shocked, told him that he was sick, and to lie down at once, and

discover what decision justice demand-

he came to M

WAKED TO DIE.

PARIS, Sept. 14.—Pierre Jean Welker, the odious assassin of a little girl in the Rue Nationale—she was eight, and he strangled her with her skipping-rope, outraged her dead body and went to sleep using her corpse as his pillow—has been guillotined. The warrant designated as the hour "about 5:30 a. m." and somewhat after midnight the machine arrived and was noiselessly set up with wooden screws, only about one hundred and fifty persons being attracted to the scene besides the military and police. One of them was a woman. It was 1:48 when M. Roch had everything in working order and tried the fall of the ax; then he and his assistants, Jacob, the Chief of the Detective Service, and the Albe Crozes, who has accompanied so many scores of murderers to the guillotine, and whose back, No. 148, is as much a part of the procession as M. Roch's van, entered the prison. Welker was a fearful coward, who had wept and moaned and torn his hair when sentence was passed, and when he was placed in the condemned cell, but he believed the merciful falsehood that forty days must elapse before the carrying out of sentence, which jail attendants always told to confiding prisoners; and, thinking he had still some time left to him, and also having faith that his petition for mercy would be heard, he had gotten over his terror, and freely and slept soundly. So soundly was he sleeping this morning that neither the opening of his cell door nor the light of the lanterns disturbed him. Jacob shook him by the shoulder, and the clerk said loudly, "Wake up, Welker, your petition has been rejected; you must prepare to die." A horrible sound, half the cry of a wild beast, half a death-rattle, issued from the miserable man's throat, and he fell back on his bed, convulsively biting the coverlet. "Have you any thing to say?" Do you want some brandy?" asked Jacob, but Welker did not hear him, and lay racked by convulsive shudders. He was lifted out of bed and made a vain effort to draw on his trousers, but he could not stand, and tumbled again upon his couch. The veins of his forehead and temples stood out like knotted cordage, his eyes were filmy, his jaw had fallen and a cold sweat was pouring down his ashy face. The Albe Crozes spoke to him earnestly. Roch asked, "Do I hurt you?" as he bound his hands, but Welker made no answer, heard nothing, was as one dead. Indeed, the attendants were urged to make haste or he would die of fright in their hands. Two of them had to carry him out with his arms round their necks, his head hanging on the right shoulder, and his legs trailing on the stones behind him. The priest walked backward before him to treat on the sight of the machine of death, but the merciful precaution was needless. Welker knew nothing. His body fell upon the plank like a bag of sand, and a moment later the ax fell. Owing to the difficulty of placing the inert body in position, the ax shored away the head diagonally, taking off a part of one shoulder, and leaving a piece of the jaw attached to the other. So large was the murderer's skull that it got jammed in the bucket into which it fell, and could only be shaken out by pounding on the inverted vessel. It was 4:48 when the officers entered the prison to take out their man; it was 5:06 when the ax fell, the time occupied being three minutes less than was taken in the case of Billor. Roch thinks that with all the circumstances favoring him he can reduce the time to twelve minutes—that is to say, there will be for the criminal an interval of less than ten minutes between sleep and death. But how many ages of mental agony in those ten minutes!

The Woman you Love.

Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can give or refuse—her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you—but her love is with out price. She only asks in return that when you look upon her your eyes shall speak a true devotion; that when you address her your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you will not despise her because she can not understand, all at once, your vicious thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes her love remains to console you. You look upon the tree for strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember love is all that a woman can give—but it is the only earthly thing which this permits us to carry beyond the grave.

Here is a commandment which we do not remember to have seen in print: Why is a pig looking out of a second-story window like the moon? Because he looks round. If any body doesn't always look round, you can tell that the pig doesn't either.—Lowell Courier.

Had Tom Paine Died

The New York Observer responds to Colonel Ingersoll's challenge to earn \$1,000 by proving that Tom Paine died allying infidelity, by simply saying that it never made that assertion, and then going on to prove the truth of the assertion it really did make. This was that Paine "died a drunken, lecherous death." The whole weight of evidence ever given is to the effect that during the last ten or fifteen years he lived a life to which those adjectives are justly applied, and that he did not change at the end. Paine was a disgusting wretch, there can be no doubt about that, and yet he may have died as stout an infidel as ever, though no one can believe so except by believing that the Quakers, Stephen Grellet and Mary Roscoe lied about his excited language on his death-bed. "Once when she (Mary Roscoe) was there," says Grellet, "three of his delirious associates came to the door, and in a loud, unfeeling manner, said: 'Tom Paine, it is said you are a turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived,' and then went away. Oh, which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.' Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him that when your young his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied, 'for it the devil ever had an agency in any work he has had in my writing that book.' When going to carry him some refreshments she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'Oh, Lord, 'Lord God, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me.' Now let Colonel Bond produce another 'statement' and the Observer attend to Voltaire.

A. C. Sands, Judge of the Lewis county Criminal Court, resigned his position because he couldn't resist the habit of intemperance. In retiring from the bench, he said: "Gentlemen and Fellow-citizens—I appear before you to say I am a victim to a vice which has disgraced me before you and my country. As I entered this court room I heard some one say, 'There goes pretty tight to make a criminal judge of.' I feel that remark as steel through my heart, for it is just. I am unworthy of the high honor and trust you have conferred upon me; and I return to you the office I have lost, being unworthy of it. Pardon me, friends and countrymen, but you shall hear this no longer. My judicial integrity and official acts are blameless. Thank God, I am no longer criminal Judge of Lewis county. May heaven help me in my affliction." Such an eloquent and feeling appeal was never heard in Vandalia before. Prejudice was turned to sympathy, and sympathy to compassion, for Judge Sands.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come up with us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to nurse upon their faded loveliness? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that shimmer on the ocean, and where the beautiful which begins here and passes before as like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

An indignant and belligerent note once called upon Colonel Greene, of the Boston Post, to know what he meant by "putting that in the paper" and was thrown down stairs. He went down as fast and so noisily that the editor thought he had killed him. Rising to his feet and brushing his knees, the son of C. Theophrastus cried: "Mr. Greene, you shall hear from me for this!" "Thank God that I hear from you at all," was the devout reply. "I was afraid you were past hearing from."

Down the river when a boy of five or six leaves the house his mother asks: "Going away, Bill?" "Yes." "Where?" "Down to play on the logs." "Well, I want to tell you in advance that if you get down on those logs and hold around and fall in and get drowned I'll look the life out of you." "Yam," answers Bill, and he wanders away.

Outrigger farming in South Africa is lucrative. The farmers are sometimes clipped and sometimes plucked. A strong bird can be relieved of feathers three times in fourteen months. The feathers from the male bird are the handiest. The bird is easily tamed.

If the best man's family were writers on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

Didn't Get the Situation.

A well known county official was the victim, a day or two ago, of the meanest and most contemptible confidence game ever played upon a man with sandy hair. For some time he has been trying to find employment for his son, who only needs a slight boost to enable him ultimately to chalk his name high up on the wall of success. A few days since a stranger of respectable appearance and good address made the acquaintance of the young man, and offered to take him out West and make him a book-keeper of a mining concern at a salary of \$1,000 a year and board. The youth was highly pleased with the offer and took the stranger to his house and introduced him to dad. Dad was delighted with the intelligent miner, invited him to dinner, and made arrangements for sending his son to the mountains. The next day the stranger called again, and was again invited to remain and take dinner with the family. After partaking of a hearty meal and chatting awhile with the family, the stranger asked to leave, but promised to call the next day. At the door he asked the official to give him change for a \$20 bill. The request was readily complied with; four V's were exchanged for a double X. When the official went down town, an hour afterwards, he discovered that the \$20 bill was a counterfeit. The stranger did not call the next day, nor the next, and now the brilliant hopes of an embryo Vanderbilt have been nipped, and the faith of a county official in the plan of universal salvation has been greatly shaken.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Origin of the Name "Pumpkin."—Newhaven (now New Haven) is celebrated for having given the name of "Pumpkin-heads" to all New Englanders. It originated from the "Blue Laws," which enjoined every man to have his hair cut round by a cap. When caps were not to be had they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which, being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all round the head. Whatever religious virtue is supposed to be derived from the custom, I know not; but there is much prudence in it: First, it prevents the hair from snarling; secondly, it saves the use of combs, bags and ribbons; thirdly, the hair can not invade the eyes by falling over them; and fourthly, such persons as have lost their ears for heresy and other wickedness can not conceal their misfortune and disgrace.—[Peters' History of Connecticut.]

A FRENCH STORY.—D—, a Parisian, wanted to get rid of his nephew, who cost him a lot of money every year. All the offers he had made him about getting married had been declined under the pretext that the girls were either too young, or too old, or too bad tempered, etc. In despair D— went to a matrimonial agent, who showed him his register and photographs of some of his clients. The surprise of the dear uncle is impossible to describe when he discovered his own wife's likeness. Nearly out of his mind he goes home and sternly demands an explanation. "I can't deny the fact," the wife said, gently; "but it was last year, my dear, when you were given up by all the doctors."

Item cut from a Nevada paper with a little hatchet: A female Justice of the Peace in Wyoming Territory was obliged to hear a case of a scandalous character, in which her husband filled the unenviable position of defendant. She sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until dead, and was anxious to have the sentence carried into effect at once, until the attorneys explained to her that she was sitting simply as an examining court. She then held him in bonds of \$18,000,000, to await the action of the Grand Jury, and said she would shoot the first man full of holes that attempted to raise the sureties.

Young man, if she smiles on you more sweetly than usual—if she flutters out to the gate to meet you with a new cordiality—if she remarks that "even a clock isn't a bit late"—if she invites you to call again with confidential earnestness—if she says "good night" with a gentle pressure of her little hand—if she does all these things young man, be not deceived. The entertainment season is at hand, or else she wants to furnish you with a mouth-er-in-law.

Beware of busybodies. A man who meddles in other people's affairs is sure to make mischief. He generally meddles to serve himself, and consequently puts detrimental constructions on the same things when said to different people, so that the most innocent words get distorted into applications which they who used them never intended they should bear.

An Iowa justice refused to fine a man charged with the offense of kissing a pretty girl without her consent. "Nothing," he said, "but the dignity of his office prevents the Court from committing the same offense. The temptation to an ordinary person would be irresistible."

A man in Benton wrote to the officials for "a chance to run on the B. C. & M. Railroad." He was told that he might "run on the road" as much as he liked if he would only keep out of the way of trains.

Letter-Dropping Blunders.

Many amusing instances of letter-dropping blunders come under the attention of postmasters. Postal cards are frequently dropped into the box without being directed. The gentleman, during a fit of absent-mindedness, walked deliberately up to the box and dropped in a five-dollar bill, while he carried off the letters he intended to post. When the bill was discovered in the box it was returned to its owner. At one of the State post-offices a visitor was shown a pile of letters, collected that day, all of which it was necessary to send to the Dead Letter office. There were forty-two in all. Some of them were so directed that only the names and street were given, while the name of the town or city was entirely omitted; a great many were not stamped at all, or insufficiently stamped; some were stamped with internal revenue or "proprietary" stamps, while others were stamped with stamps cut from postal envelopes. Regarding the latter, it should be understood that a stamp cut from a stamped envelope issued by the Post Department is not good, even though it may not have been used on the envelope on which it was printed. Another letter was directed in such a manner that there was an attempt at words or writing properly, there being nothing on it but a number of zig-zag marks. This, however, was probably the work of an ambitious child.

Turning Slate Into Marble.—A new industry that is steadily growing into importance, is the turning of slabs of slate into imitation marble. The process is thus described: "The slabs of slate are first smoothed by a planer and brought to the required thickness, and patterns are then laid upon the slabs, and mallet and chisel work out the desired forms and moldings. The peculiar feature in the operation, however, is the marbling. The material for the latter is prepared in a vat, and the slab is let down upon the composition, which adheres to the surface of the slate; the slab is next baked in an oven for one night, then coated with a varnish manufactured for this special purpose, and after six repetitions of these processes, it is finally removed and polished, the surface presenting, as is well known, a beautiful appearance; and so firmly united to the slate is this coating, that it cannot be scaled or chipped off without taking the slaty particles with it."

How He Got A LIE.—When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer he found himself one cold day at a village some distance from Springfield, and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving along the Springfield road in a carriage, he ran up to him and politely said: "Sir, will you have the goodness to take any overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," answered the gentleman; "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I expect to remain in it." "Jump in," said the gentleman; and the future President had a pleasant ride.

Due good word is due tobacco. An Ohio couple quarreled, and in the heat of the moment the man packed his carpet-bag and left her forever. A short distance from the house he discovered that he had forgotten his tobacco-box. To go back for it was the work of a moment. Then, having filled his mouth with the weed, he looked upon his wife with mollified eyes, and in another moment both were protesting that they had only been in him, anyhow.

He was a wild Texan, just from the frontier, and had boarded the train at Fort Worth for Dallas. It was his first ride on the "kers," and as the conductor reached in his hip pocket for his punch, the sharp eye of Texas caught a glimpse of its polished handle, and quick as thought he leveled a navy six on that conductor, saying: "Ter'er up, or I'll blow daylight thro' you. No man can get the drop on me!"—[Dallas Herald.]

A new way to pay old debts comes from the town of Ingersoll, Ontario. A tailor sued a customer for the price of a suit of clothes. The defendant put in an appearance at the Division Court clad in the garments concerning which the suit had arisen, and the judge was so impressed by their baggy, ill-fitting appearance, that he nominated the plaintiff. This is a fearful warning to tailors and a useful hint to purchasers.

The shedding of hair from a horse's mane and tail can be prevented by washing the parts affected a few times in carbolic soap-suds. Or a wash made of lard-oil, one pint, and aqua ammonia, one gill, well mixed and rubbed in, will prevent the falling of the hair. We have found it effectual.

Georgia negro preacher to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put any thing on the plate." The collection was unusually large that morning.

Cruel little boy in a public school traps a mouse and cages him in a glass box with six healthy hornets. Ten minutes later, the boy comes round corner. Boy hides box inside shirt. Lid of box comes off. Grand parent, with mouse by the boy.—[New Orleans Times.]

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For Scrofula, and all cutaneous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and eruptions of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blisters, Tumors, etc.

It is a powerful blood purifier, and cures all diseases of the blood.

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For the cure of all worms, including roundworms, pinworms, etc.

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For sale, a beautiful suburban home with large grounds, etc.

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